

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1887.

NO. 218.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

—PRAISE THE LORD.

McCOMB CITY, MISS., March 31, '87.

DEAR INTERIOR.—I must catch the first month of spring "on the fly," as it goes out, and resume our slightly dislocated correspondence. It "came in like a lamb" and is going out in a very leonine fashion indeed; thus verifying the ancient saying, which certainly does hit the nail on the head often enough to be remarkable.

We are temporarily riding at anchor in this delicious, snug harbor. We have such a delightful "at home" feeling in McComb; and then, too, we are in reach of a PINE-KNOT! The evening we came Hugh was lighting a fire in my bed room and came into the sitting-room to ignite a bundle of "fat" splinters to start it with. As he went out with every stick in a light blaze and a volume of resinous smoke pervading the room I thought I had never inhaled so dainty an odor in all my life. Sweeter by far than the balmy scent of Araby the Blest, is the smell of a Mississippi pine knot to me.

Let me see. Where were we when last heard from? In Houma, just before that memorable Sunday (three weeks ago, come next Sabbath) when I was smitten by the cruel hand that does all the smiting. None but the devil could strike a servant of the LORD, going gladly forward to do his dear Master's work and full of longing and desire to lift the burdens from the aching hearts of his fellow men. I was on my way to preach to the colored folks at 11 A. M. when the "fiery dart" of the "wicked one" reached its mark. The Sabbath before I had preached for the "colored Methodists." The sad Sunday I had engaged to do like service for the "colored Baptists." Ah, me! these names! these titles of separation in the "one flock"! How inappropriate they are! In great suffering I walked to the church, asking the dear LORD to carry me through and strengthen me to preach. I was horribly sick just before beginning and even worse just after; but while talking to the attentive congregation for 45 minutes I lost sight of pain and nausea in a very wonderful manner. I was driven rapidly home in a carriage belonging to one of the brethren from the country and for three days laid aside from regular work, in suffering that I wish to forget as completely as possible. By Wednesday night I was able to take the field again and my scattered congregation speedily reassembled. I remained till the following Monday. At Houma, to make up to them the lost time. Every thing that love could do for me was done by the tender hearts and gentle hands whose ministrations I can never forget. God bless them in the day when all these acts of heavenly unselfishness will come to light. This attack of sickness is a landmark in my own personal experience and I want to say a few things in connection therewith, that may be helpful to others. For the first time in more than six years I used what is popularly known as "the means" in common use in such attacks. I was not driven to it by the urgency of the case, but deliberately tried the remedies recommended because I wanted to settle as I best could the question that has puzzled more than one faithful soul; wishing, on the one hand, to trust the LORD fully, and yet, on the other, shrinking from fanaticism that seems to turn its back upon the experience of ages. "Yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom," I said, with Solomon, "Go to now, I will prove thee" with medicine; "till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under heaven all the days of their life," when sickness came. How far ought one to use "the means" prescribed by medical science, while yet trusting the LORD? That was the very practical question under consideration. I was writing in pain. For this I accepted that panacea of domestic practice—a mustard plaster. *Similia similibus curentur.* You cure pain with pain. You fight the devil with fire. You ameliorate one agony by creating another of a different character somewhere else. I don't deny the medical principle of the thing. Far be it from me to limit the efficiency of mustard. I only remember how it girded me with live coals while it did its biting, fiery work upon my cuticle; and how for 10 days after the burning, it tormented me with itch, as if unnumbered legions of the *Acarus Scabiei* had made a raid upon my epidermis, with intent to stay. But it certainly relieved the internal suffering. Yes, I believe in mustard. Then I had every symptom of a malarial attack. The continuous stretching of the muscles; the weariness that no position gave rest to; the premonitory aching of the joints; the dumb chill and feverish flush following. I must

take castor oil, followed by quinine. "The only way to break it up," I was assured. So I took heroic doses of that famous extract of the seed of the *Palma Christi*, and revived the memories of my youth, when mother used to hold my nose firmly with one hand as she forced that awful table spoon filled to the brim with oleaginous horror into my unwilling mouth; and amid gurglings and gaspings of mingled rage and disgust, that inexorable oil went slowly down my throat. Oh, how hard it was to swallow! It was so thick! Why has no philanthropist ever devised a plan for thinning castor oil? Not to lose a drop of the precious aperient, I will remember how my dear mother used to scrape from my chin the few relics of the dose that I had succeeded in denying ingress at first. Vain delusion! It was only a little useless delay. Better for me had I taken all in at once, "like a good boy," as I had been tenderly exhorted to do. But I wasn't a good boy. So I had my nose held, and was duly scraped with the spoon, and horror of horrors! had to lick it out clean, as a crowning misery and degradation; and was dismissed howling, with an insulating crust of dry bread, to be chewed slowly, to "take the taste out of my mouth." How it all came back to me the other day when I was offered the same nauseous dose, as cunningly disguised as kindness could do it, but still the same thick, unallowable substance that I used to take "straight" in my hapless boyhood. Yee! I believe in castor oil! It is a very Samson with unshorn locks in its power to move the gates of Giza. I am slowly recovering, after nearly two weeks, from the drastic remedy, that science prescribes. The quinine set bees to buzzing and trip hammers to thumping in my poor head in a way familiar to all who use that specific. Yee! I believe in quinine too. My malarial symptoms vanished between this cross fire of potent remedies.

Well, do you ask what I think now? I will tell you. Mustard plasters are good. Faith, without them, is better. Castor oil is good. Trust in God, and nothing else, is better. Quinine is good. But the dear Physician, who heals with a drop of oil on the brow and in answer to the prayer of faith, is better, far better. The LORD knows I made this honest experiment just because I had and have a holy horror of getting into a bigoted fanatical groove in anything. And I think I have come out of it alive, because I could look the dear Master in the face all the way through and appeal to Him as to my simple integrity in the matter. But I have also come out of it with a firmer persuasion that it is better to trust in the LORD alone, in all such straight, than I ever had before. Yet, I still believe that a weak faith ought not to attempt more than it can carry through; and that medicine is and always will be a *demerit resort* and an excellent one for "them that believe not" and for such as have feeble capacity of trust. "Nevertheless, he that standeth steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart that he will keep his integrity, doeth well"—to abstain from anything in the way of a prop to feeble faith. I think crowns are won and lost just at this point. And this is all I have to say now on this subject.

Our last Sunday morning at Houma was devoted again to the colored brethren, and I don't know when I have felt greater liberty in preaching the Word than at Zion church, on Terre-Bonne bayou. This last congregation were Baptists, also, but quite in another part of town from the scene of the previous Sabbath services.

The dear Creoles were enthusiastic listeners to the last. Out of their exceeding poverty they made up a little purse that I verily believe represented more genuine self-denial than any gift I ever received in any place. God bless these dear Catholics of Terre-Bonne!

We were only five days at Franklin, St. Mary's Parish. Several of the dearest friends of my college life, all dead now, came from St. Mary's. Ralph Coffey, Dan Murphy, Hank Wilcox, all hailed from Franklin. It is a pretty, old fashioned place on the banks of Bayou Teche. This stretch of sugar plantations is the finest in Louisiana. Charles Dudley Warner has fully threshed out the subject in *Harper's* very lately.

We had glorious congregations in Franklin, but had to leave sooner than we liked. The dear LORD knows all about it. I am not going to complain.

At New Orleans whom should we stumble against, as we were jostling into the ferry to cross to the city, but our cousins from San Francisco, whom we had parted from last August, Mrs. Pacheco and her daughter, Mabel, en route for New York. They were detained in New Orleans 24 hours by a misconnection and we spent Tuesday with them, most delightfully. The weather just heavenly.

We ran up to dear old McComb by 10 o'clock Tuesday night and found the entire Craft family waiting for us with open arms at the depot. What a joy it was to get back; how good these dear cousins are to us every moment; how lovely the balm of the pine woods is; and how restful the few days we are to spend with them will be; are they not all written in the book that will never be printed—the chronicles of the inner life that we keep for our own perusal? Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Mr. Elias Sparrow died at his residence on Buckeye Ridge in this county Tuesday morning, of consumption.

—The New Orleans Minstrels showed to a \$130 audience Wednesday evening. The minstrels were much pleased at being so well patronized.

—Mrs. O. E. Ellis has gone to the cities to buy millinery. Mrs. E. J. Polk, of Harrodsburg, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. A. Evans, at the College.

—Lt. Roger D. Williams, of Lexington, Adjutant of the 24th Regiment of Kentucky State Guards, inspected the Owsley Rifles at their armory Tuesday evening.

—J. C. Thompson, our wide awake jeweler, tells us he disposed of his largest diamond ring to the manager of the Indian troupe at a price away up in the hundreds.

—Revs. Wright, of Williamstown, and S. W. Peoples, of this place, assisted by the famous singer, Bristol, of Covington, began a protracted revival at the Methodist church Monday evening.

—About 20 minutes to 9 o'clock Monday night Marshal James Hamilton shot and fatally wounded Joseph P. Turner. Two shots were fired and both took effect, entering Turner's head near the left eye, one of them penetrating the brain. Turner was unconscious until his death, which occurred at 9:30 on the following morning. Turner has been the avowed enemy of Hamilton since the latter a few months ago was compelled to arrest him for drunkenness. Turner was in town the day of the shooting and was very much under the influence of liquor. He called Hamilton out in the afternoon and accused him of being his enemy and said that he (Hamilton) had talked badly about him. This Hamilton denied and Turner's friends called him away and tried to get him to go home, without success, however. A few minutes before 9 Hamilton left Miller's Hotel and started around the street. He met Turner coming in an opposite direction and the two men passed each other. After going a few steps Turner halted and called to Hamilton. The latter stopped and Turner began advancing on him, his hand in his pocket and saying "Look out Jim." At this, Hamilton, to save his own life, fired, with the result above stated. Turner slightly staggered at the first shot and at the second fell, his head resting near the door of Sweeney's clothing store. When searched two pistols were found concealed on his person, one, a 44 calibre, was buckled around his waist; the other, a 38 Smith & Wesson improved, in his pants pocket. Turner's right hand was firmly clutching the last named weapon, his finger on the trigger. When sober, Joe Turner was a clever, agreeable gentleman, but when under the influence of whiskey he was quarrelsome and very dangerous. Last Christmas, without the slightest provocation, he shot and seriously wounded Joe Aldridge, an inoffensive old man. For this he was fined \$250 at the last term of court. Sailed for \$10,000 had also been instituted against him by the wife of Aldridge for the shooting of her husband. Turner's remains were interred here Wednesday afternoon, after a funeral discourse by Elder G. W. Yancey. Hamilton was to have had his examining trial this (Thursday) morning, but it was postponed till Monday, when he will in all probability be discharged. That he acted purely in self defense there is no doubt in the mind of any of the Lancaster citizens.

CURRENT COMMENT.

—Judge Fox should turn his attention to Palaski county at once. The presence of 1,000 drunken republicans in the convention on Saturday indicates that the county is a fine field for temperance work. —[C. J.]

—Senator John D. Harris returned from his trip to Southwestern Kentucky on Saturday last. He was exceedingly jubilant and highly gratified with the success that he met with wherever he has gone. And well he might be for he has already won the race. —[Richmond Herald.]

—The result in Michigan shows that the people are becoming tired of the bother and din of prohibition. The reason is, that prohibition does not prohibit—it merely licenses without charge and increases the evil of the liquor traffic. As prohibition has failed, try taxation. —[Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, Rep.]

As in England, fiction heads the last year's record of publication in America. There were 482 works of fiction published during 1886, against 471 religious books and 115 relating to biography. The general list consists of 3,708 volumes and the "library volumes," that is pirated works chiefly, of 1,551 publications.

Probably the largest and most costly cyclone pit in the country has been constructed by Edward Brown, of Estonton, Ga. It is located near the back door of his residence and is large enough to accommodate his whole family. It has walls of brick floors carpeted, fireplace and chimney and is handsomely furnished.

A little girl who was injured on the New York Central and sued for damages seven years ago, has just received \$7,500. She asked for \$2,000 at the start, and four trials and seven appeals to highest courts have cost the company \$20,000.

—Col. Thomas L. Jones is seriously ill with rheumatism at his home in Newport.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—Antonio Vogliotti, our Italian baker, and Miss Hugi were married Monday.

—A little daughter of John Jones, colored, died Sunday morning. Charlie McKee, of color, son of Jerry McKee died Saturday night of pneumonia.

—Rev. D. G. B. Damaree, Presiding Elder of the Barbourville district conference, M. E. Church, South, passed through Wednesday on his way to that city, accompanied from this place by Rev. W. B. Ragan.

—The democrats of Laurel county are hereby requested to meet in mass convention at the court-house in London on Saturday, April 23, 1887, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State convention, to be held at Louisville on the 4th day of May, 1887, to nominate candidates for governor and other State officers, to be voted for at the next August election. A full attendance is especially desired and requested. M. T. Craft, chairman democratic committee.

—Mrs. Mollie Ryan and son, of Berea, are visiting in this city. Miss Florence Horton, of Manchester, was with friends here Tuesday. Little Willie Wren, who has been suffering so intensely with inflammatory rheumatism, is reported to be in a very critical condition. John M. Stapp, Lindsey Peel, William Underwood and Will Peel, stock men of Jessamine county, were here during the week to make some purchases, but I am unable to state results. Mrs. J. S. Jackson is very sick. County Clerk Jones is in Tennessee on business.

—The boom in London is nothing ephemeral, but like her little sister, Louisville, she moves steadily on. Old landmarks, like the famous "Buzzard Roost," a house which was evidently built upon a scriptural foundation, having stood the rains and storms of nearly three-quarters of a century, are now being torn down and handsome and commodious modern structures taking their place. On the site of Buzzard Roost, corner Main and Manchester streets, Faris & Co. will erect an elegant three story brick building covering nearly a half acre. This energetic firm is now extending their already immense store-room 40 or 50 feet back, while W. H. Jackson & Co. are beginning to find their large double brick too small for them and are building an addition on the south side wherein to stow a portion of their effects. Several new residences are going up, with many more to follow during the coming summer. Among those already under contract is that of our popular circuit clerk, Mr. A. B. Brown, which is to be completed by the 1st of July and promises to be one of the handsomest in town. Building lots may be had here plentifully at from \$5 to \$10 a foot fronting on Main street, and with the superior natural advantages we possess, I see no reason why a good healthy boom should not grow and prosper among us.

BRODHEAD, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Tommie Francisco is now on the sick list.

—Born to the wife of Rev. Oscar Duval, a daughter, Maggie May.

—There was never before such a display of millinery goods in our town as at present. Success to all.

—Most all the citizens here are out of coal and if the bad weather continues they will have to order a new supply.

—The Good Templars will have an open meeting of their lodge at the Academy on next Saturday evening. Everybody invited to attend.

—The express office at this place is soon to be transferred from Albright's store, where it has been kept for a number of years, to the depot, where it will be controlled by J. R. Case, our present depot agent.

—Miss Rena Crawford, who has been for two weeks dangerously ill with measles and pneumonia, is somewhat better and her friends now have a faint hope of her recovery. Little John Newland has fever but is not dangerous.

—Mr. Harry Hilton and family have moved from their cottage home here to Gum Sulphur. Dr. I. S. Burdette is on a visit to Knoxville, Tenn. Mr. Peter Heron is building a new house on Main street. Miss Alma Carson is preparing to build on Cottage Avenue. Miss Belle Hutchison, of Rowland, has been visiting friends here. Miss Ella Ramsey, of Mt. Vernon, is attending school here. Mr. Wm. Collier, stone mason, has moved into the house vacated by J. H. Hilton. Mr. J. H. Vanhook makes frequent visits in the direction of Crab Orchard and always returns with a smile on his face. Mr. F. A. Harris is no longer a resident of Brodhead, but has taken charge of a farm about two miles from town. Dr. Burdette occupies the house vacated by Mr. Harris. A. B. Chestnut, of Kingeton, has been visiting friends in this vicinity.

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 28 N. 3rd St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

—NEW—

SPRING CLOTHING.

Considering the quality of our clothing and the prices affixed we think this department is in better condition for the purchaser than ever before.

We claim the CLOTHING & SHOE TRADE

And will have it if fresh goods and low prices will induce you. We give exclusive attention to this line and a general stock cannot interfere with advantages we are bound to have.

Post yourselves and then see us.

BRUCE & McROBERTS.

H. K. TAYLOR,

OF LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

MILLINERY.

I am daily opening an elegant line of Fall Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also Notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Buckles, Corsets, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Smiley & Warren, next door to the Myers House.

KATE DUDDEGAR.

MACK BRUCE'S

Buggy & Implement House.

—I HAVE NOW—

A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements,

—Besides a—

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

112-114

I. M. BRUCE.

FOR SALE!

Valuable Real Estate and Store Rooms.

As Executor of Lewis V. Phillips, dec'd, I offer for sale, on easy terms, the following real estate in and near the growing town of Lancaster, Garrard county, Kentucky:

One Brick Store-room, on Public Square of said town, now used as a dry-goods room.

One frame Store-room on the Public Square, now used as a family grocery room.

Two Store-rooms on Richmond Street, near Public Square, one now used as a Millinery Store, the other as an Undertaking establishment. With this block will be sold if desired a lot of ground adjoining.

One farm with house and other necessary improvements, on the Lexington Turnpike, 3 miles from Lancaster, of 137 acres.

One Farm of 140 acres, 3½ miles from Lancaster, near the Lexington Pike, improved, with house and necessary outbuildings.

One farm, unimproved, 8 miles from Lancaster, Ky., on the Lexington Turnpike of 73 acres.

And also a tract of 25 acres on Gilbert's Creek, about 4 miles from Lancaster.

As executor, I desire to sell all this property. I am empowered by the will to make deeds to it. A fine chance is now offered to those desiring homes or investments.

For full particulars address my Attorney, H. T. Noel, Lancaster, Ky., or the undersigned at Stanford, Ky.

J. R. PHILLIPS,

Executor.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR

—I have received and still receiving—

New Goods for Spring and Summer

Comprising the best in the market, which will be

Got up in Style and Make Second to None in City or Country

Give Me a Trial.

H. C. RUPLEY.

Wall Paper,

Furniture,

Cases, Caskets, Robes.

Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices as low as the lowest.

B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.



I have secured the services of a first-class Barber and propose to turn out work done up only in the highest style of the Tonsorial Art. My shop is centrally located, next door to Wearen's & Menor's. I am prepared to fix the "bangs" of young ladies in a manner truly enticing. A call from both the ladies and gentlemen of Stanford and the public generally is very respectfully solicited.
(2-1-2) **WILL KING.**

W. P. WALTON.

SIX PAGES.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For the Legislature,

DR. J. D. PETTUS,
Of Crab Orchard.

TO THE DEMOCRACY OF LINCOLN COUNTY.

You are requested to meet in mass convention at the court-house in Stanford on Saturday, April 23d, at 1 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of appointing delegates to the State Convention, which meets in Louisville May 4th, to nominate candidates for State offices. J. E. LYNN, Chairman.

W. P. WALTON, Secy.

THE Louisville & Nashville continues to branch out and extend. It has just entered into a contract with the Norfolk & Western railroad to extend its Corbin branch through the Cumberland Valley and on to meet that road in Wise county, Virginia. The total length of the new road will be about 200 miles, each company contracting to build 100 miles. Engineers have been engaged for several months past in the location of the line, and the Louisville & Nashville railroad company has already 35 miles of its portion of the work under contract and to be completed during the month of August of the present year. It is expected that the entire line will be completed and the connection made within the next twelve months.

THE republicans of Palaski met at Somerset to nominate a candidate for the legislature, but got into a row and failed to do so. Some colored men tried to be recognized, but cries of "Take them negroes out" arose and there was great confusion. This is the second republican convention, that in Fayette being the other, where the impudent negroes have tried to take a hand with the usual objections and a row. The colored people will learn after awhile that the republicans will not tolerate their efforts for representation. They are to vote, not to choose them for whom to vote.

THE Louisville Commercial's mammoth edition of 62,000 double sheets was too much for the mails, at least the copy that should have been received at this office the same day was several mails behind, hence this delayed mention. The paper is on a very decided boom and is daily increasing its popularity and worth. The edition is proof of what the office can do when it's a mind to, with its enlarged and greatly increased facilities.

THOSE, the hitherto unknown labor candidate, who came so near defeating Speaker Carlisle for re-election, simply because of apathy and the belief that his candidacy did not amount to a hill of beans, has thrown up the sponge and will not contest for a seat in the 50th Congress. This shows that Mr. Thobs is a more sensible man than he has had the credit of being.

THE Buckner papers claim that their candidate has everything in a sling, yet they continue to sling mud at Senator Harris, with as much vengeance as if they thought he was still in the ring. They know he is, in fact, and feel that he is in the lead, or they would stop their mud batteries.

MICHIGAN has gone republican and against prohibition. On the latter question the majorities for whisky in the cities were too large to be overcome by the country vote and Michigan will not prohibit any for the present. This is the first reverse that the cause has received for some time.

THE attorney W. L. Royall, who was sent to jail at Richmond, Va., for bringing suits in the U. S. Court against the jurors who indicted him for barratry, has been released by Judge Bond, who decides that a citizen has a right to bring as many suits as he wants and against anybody he chooses.

THE postmaster at North Lansing, N. Y., who was commissioned by John McLean, Postmaster General under President John Quincy Adams, in 1828, is still in commission, having held the office for nearly 60 years. He is a democrat and good at least for two or three years more of office.

CORNELLSON is at last peeping through the iron-grated windows of the Mt. Sterling jail, where he must stay three years, if some muton headed governor don't pardon him. Justice has been slow in this case, but God rules and the laws of Kentucky are sometimes enforced.

THE candidates for State offices have but two more weeks to get in their work. The primaries are set for Saturday afternoon, April 23d, in all the counties, when delegates will be appointed. Chairman Lynn notifies the democracy of Lincoln in an other column.

LITTLE RHODY comes to the front with 1,500 majority for a democratic governor and an entire ticket of the same persuasion, save the attorney general. She already had a democratic Congressman. Bully for the little State! She is very little, indeed, but she's loud.

STAUNTON, Va., which is almost as much of a whisky centre as Lexington, will continue to take her toddy. After a very heated contest Tuesday, the prohibitionists were defeated by the small majority of 95.

—In Cincinnati the Municipal ticket was elected by from 600 to 2,000.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—March fires cost the United States and Canada \$10,450,000.

—The democrats elected their city ticket in Cleveland by a majority ranging from 3,000 downward.

—The postoffice business has at least been settled at Mt. Sterling by the appointment of W. H. Wilkerson.

—A petition in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, to declare the civil service law unconstitutional, was dismissed.

—Fifty shares of First National Bank stock sold Monday at \$137.50 and 20 shares Second National at \$165.75.—[Richmond Herald.]

—H. Peter, an old and highly respected citizen of Shelbyville, fell dead after the prayer meeting the other night in which he took part.

—Miss Katie Berryman, of Versailles, a lovely young lady, just in the bloom of her youth, was found dead in her bed on Monday morning.

—The United States Supreme Court Tuesday rendered a decision affirming the right of New York city to tax national bank stock and shares.

—Miss Catherine Wolfe, the richest unmarried woman in the country, died at New York, Monday. Her estate is valued at twenty millions.

—Gov. Biggs, of Delaware, has appointed his son John, Attorney General of the State to fill an unexpired term. This is nepotism with a vengeance.

—Judge Gresham appointed Gen. John McNulta, of Bloomington, Ill., to be Receiver of the Wabash railway lines lying east of the Mississippi river.

—A collision occurred on the Michigan Central railroad, near Springfield, resulting in the death of two brakemen and the total wreck of 26 cars and two engines.

—W. A. Clarke, the register clerk in the general post-office at New York city, who confessed to the theft of \$25,000 and was released on \$2,500 bail, has departed for Canada.

—Rufus Fuller, a prisoner in irons, jumped from a train while it was running at the rate of 45 miles an hour near Knoxville, Tenn., and made his escape with but little injury.

—A magnificent equestrian statue, erected in memory of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston under the auspices of the Association of the Army of the Tennessee, was unveiled at New Orleans Tuesday.

—At Peru, Indiana, Deputy Sheriff Robert Miller knocked down and kicked to death Charles M. Emerick, manager of the Peru Opera-House, who was charged with slandering his (Miller's) wife.

—It is said that the walls of Honolulu are covered with hand-bills, in Chinese, offering a reward of \$5,000 for the head of King Kalakaua, and that the guards have been doubled about the palace in consequence.

—Davenport, Iowa, has gone democratic for the first time in her history. The majorities range from 500 to 600 and the democrats elect the mayor and council, clerk, treasurer, assessor, police, magistrates and coroner.

—A boiler in a saw-mill on the river at Cincinnati exploded. It was thrown high in the air and falling crushed a shantyboat, 100 yards distant, in the river, killing Mrs. Lizie Grant. Several employees were injured.

—Martin V. Montgomery, who resigned as commissioner of patents, and was subsequently appointed judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, gets a life office by the change and a big increase in his pay.

—The Interstate Commerce Commission has authorized the maintenance of existing rates by the railroads and the suspension of the fourth section of the act for a period of ninety days, unless hereafter revoked by the Commission.

—The experts of the United States Treasury lately identified \$50 out of \$100 worth of bank notes which had been burned to a crisp in a tin can; also \$40 out of \$200 worth of notes chewed up in a pocket book by some pig.

—At Glen Mary, Tenn., two men quarreled over the possession of a keg of beer. A young man named Brooks happening along, took part in the disturbance. He shot one of the disputants, named Griffiths, dead, and fired on the other in retreat.

—An explosion occurred in a coal shaft in the Savanna mines (Ind. Territory) killing six miners. A rescuing party was sent down into the mine, but they were overpowered by gas, and twelve of them were suffocated before they could be taken out.

—The boundary line between Rhode Island and Connecticut, which has been a matter of litigation and dispute for over 200 years, was finally settled March 25, by an agreement signed by commissioners from both States. No land is gained on either side.

—A private letter to Sister Rose Richards from Brother Barnes says his address for the next week or two will be Tupelo, Lee county, Miss. It further conveys the cheerful information that he is North bound and will be in Kentucky probably by May 1.

—Roche, republican, was elected mayor of Chicago Tuesday by a majority of about 30,000 over Nelson, the candidate of the united labor party. The democrats had no candidate in the field. The anarchists will have one member of the board of aldermen, where they expected from 9 to 12.

—Five negroes were taken from jail at Yorkville, S. C., early Tuesday morning and hanged by a mob. Their crime was the murder of a young boy who had discovered them while stealing cotton. They were also members of an organized band of thieves, sworn, it is said, to murder all who detected them in their depredations.

—The current number of the Railroad Gazette sums up February accidents at 132, with 55 persons killed and 106 wounded.

—A bar keeper named Myers and the editor of a whisky sheet named Flannelly, both of Lexington, insulted a young lady at Nicholasville, upon hearing which the irate father gave the former a beating and the latter five minutes to get out of town. Both had departed in less than two.

—The Nebraska Legislature adjourned, after refusing by an overwhelming vote, to submit the question of prohibition to a vote of the people of the State. The prediction is made in certain quarters that this action will naturally change the complexion of Nebraska politics in the future.

—The La Grange Furnace Company advertises for bids for the grading, trestles, drainage, cross-ties and track-laying of five-mile sections of their railway from Danville, Houston county, Tennessee, to La Grange Furnace, Stewart county, until the 15th day of April, 1887. Address them at Nashville.

—A New York burglar, named William Henry, was sentenced to ten years imprisonment for a theft. He did not seem to mind the sentence so much, but when the judge insulted him by referring to him as "one of those desperate thieves from the West," his passion knew no bounds and he made a vicious effort to kill his detractor.

—An official of the road says the L. & N. has been giving to Congressmen, legislators, judges, councilmen and others free transportation which, at the rate charged to other people, would bring into the coffers of the company between \$200,000 and \$300,000 annually. The limited express between New York and Washington averaged a car-load of dead heads to the train. If the Interstate law will put a stop to this it will have accomplished one great good at least.

—Wichita, Kansas, is in the middle of a boom that discounts every other boom in American history. Strangers to the number of 25,000 crowd her streets every day seeking investments for money. At this time 5,000 buildings are in process of construction, and land in many parts of the town sells for \$1,000 a foot. Seven railroads enter the city and six others leading from there in all directions are under contract for construction.—[Times.]

RELIGIOUS.

—Sam Jones has closed in Cincinnati and will preach twice in Louisville Sunday.

—The bible is now printed in 226 different languages and dialects. There is said to be about 915 different languages and dialects spoken in the world.

—The first Methodist church in Kentucky was built at Masterson's Station, five miles northwest of Lexington in 1787. Two years after that the second one was built in Lexington. Both were the primitive log cabins then in vogue.

—The First Presbyterian church of New York, which has existed more than 100 years without any other musical instrument than a precursor's tuning-fork, has at last yielded to modern progress and will purchase a \$10,000 organ.—[N. Y. Mail.]

—Rev. H. C. Morrison's meeting at Paris has resulted so far in 21 additions and the formation of 96 young gentlemen into a christian association. The Methodist church being too small for the congregations the offer of the use of the Second Presbyterian has been accepted. The Kentuckian devotes over a column to the meeting.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—I have 45 stock hogs for sale. L. B. Adams.

—L. B. Adams bought 50 shoats Monday at 3¢ cents.

—Walk Newcomb is the only person here to observe Arbor Day.

—The Garing Family showed at the court-house Monday night to a good audience.

—Mrs. M. E. Brown has bought of Harrison Carpenter the brick building in which she now keeps the postoffice for \$500 including the lot.

—At the residence of Dr. Davis, Thursday afternoon, Mr. De Bryant was married to Miss Debord. They will go to house-keeping in the Jackson property.

—The railroad company is receiving bids from several parties from this vicinity on a \$6,000 ballast contract that is to be let out soon for ballast to be gotten out along the line in this county.

—James Baker is down with pneumonia at Pine Hill. Miss Rosa Crawford is no better. James McKinnie, of Mareburg, is in Missouri looking up a location. G. W. Huckins writes back from Wichita, Kas., that he is greatly pleased with the place.

—An improbable story is in circulation here to the effect that an eight year old boy in the northern part of this county killed an infant some days since with a club. It is said he was left by his mother to mind the child in its cradle, which afterwards began to cry, and failing to quiet it he struck it over the head, killing it. The story is not believed here, as no names of the parties can be learned, or any person found who knows anything authentic regarding the report.

The developments in the Haddock murder case at Sioux City are such as will create a sensation throughout the ranks of the saloon and anti-saloon men. The testimony of several informers, in the conspiracy to murder Haddock shows that the most diabolical plot was hatched by the saloon keepers to put the active temperance advocate out of the way. After vainly attempting to hire a man to whip Haddock the saloon men grew desperate and one of them assassinated him on the street. Before the case is ended it will do the liquor cause a great deal of harm.—[Post.]

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—The meeting at the Baptist church still continues, with numerous additions.

—Miss Mary Lincoln has a flourishing school at Salt River school house, in the west end of the county.

—Rev. E. H. Pierce, pastor of the Methodist church, has gone to Florida on business connected with property matters in that State.

—Mr. William M. Zimmerman and Miss Hallie B. Rogers were married Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. C. B. Rogers, Rev. O. A. Bartholomew officiating.

—On Saturday the primary election will decide who is to be the democratic nominee for our representative in the next legislature. The candidates are Messrs. Breckinridge, Lyle and Grubbs, all of them gentlemen and good democrats.

—Mr. Louis Cohn, the clothier, has determined to leave Danville and will from this time on close out his large stock of fashionable clothing, boots and shoes and furnishing goods at cost. When he says cost he means it. Now is the time for bargains.

—Mr. Hanson Boreing, professor of mathematics in Eminence College, and a candidate for the democratic nomination for superintendent of public instruction, was in town Tuesday. Mr. Boreing has no arms, but by the use of ingeniously contrived appliances fastened to his shoulders can hold a book or pen and can write a good hand.

—John Hamner and Arlington Calloway were arrested at Junction City charged with committing an outrage on the person of a young lady named Edwards, the daughter of Benjamin Edwards, who lives near North Fork Station. Miss Edwards charges the actual crime on Hamner, her statement implicating Calloway as accessory. Hamner escaped after arrest and is still at large. Calloway is in jail in default of a \$200 bond. Hamner claims that the transaction was the result of a perfect understanding between him and the young lady, the consideration being a railroad ticket from Parkville to Aiteton. No one who knows the parties believes this, as Miss Edwards has borne a good character and belongs to a respectable family, while Hamner has a bad name generally.

—Hon. Fontaine T. Fox, Sr., of this place, who has been in feeble health for several years past, died Wednesday night at 12 o'clock from the debility attendant on old age. He was born January 23d, 1803, near Richmond, in Madison county. He was reared in Somerset and began the practice of law there in the 21st year of his age. In the same year he was made a Mason and soon became master of his lodge. When 27 years old he was appointed Commonwealth's Attorney by Gov. Metcalfe and filled that position for several years with great distinction. He was twice a representative in the State Legislature, once from Palaski and once from Lincoln county, where he moved in 1840. While a citizen of Stanford he represented the Lincoln county district a full term in the State Senate and was the youngest member of that body. He moved to Danville on the 2d day of January, 1849, and has resided here ever since. He was elected Circuit Judge of the 5th Judicial District in 1862 and served two full terms. He was married on the 19th of February, 1830, to Miss Eliza Hutton, of Stanford, who survives him, aged 78 years. Seven of Judge Fox's children have outlived him. They are Thos. H. Fox, of Mt. Sterling; ex-Chancellor Fontaine T. Fox, of Louisville; Felix G. Fox, of the Kansas City bar; Mr. Charles C. Fox, of this county; Mrs. Andrew M. Sea, of Kansas City, and Mrs. Jerry C. Caldwell, of this county. The funeral will take place Saturday morning at 10 o'clock and will be attended by the members of the bar in a body and by the Masonic fraternity. In early life and middle age Judge Fox took an active part in the politics of the day, was a member of the old Whig party, and was at one time elector for the State-at large and a popular campaign speaker. He stood in the front rank of lawyers and was a powerful man before a jury. He was an upright and able judge, his heart of almost womanly tenderness being his only disqualification for the stern duties of that position. He was a kind husband and father, a good citizen and a thorough gentleman as ever walked the earth.

—Go to Mrs. E. W. Jones' to buy your cuffs, collars and handkerchiefs.

—The case that has for some time been pending between Mrs. Sue Holmes and Mr. Mc Holmes was again tried last Saturday and resulted in a hung jury. Another trial has been set for the 1st Saturday in May.

—Misses Pauline Hardin and Leila Doones are on the sick list. Mrs. C. C. Green will assist Mrs. E. W. Jones in her millinery establishment this season. Miss Alice Hardin has gone to Louisville to purchase her stock of millinery goods.

—The members of the Christian church are trying to raise funds for the purpose of repairing the church. Let all of us respond liberally to the call and at once, so that our church may present a more attractive appearance at the big meeting, which is to be held here in May.

—I have opened the finest, largest and cheapest stock of millinery goods and all fancy notions belonging to this line that has ever been brought to Crab Orchard. My prices are very low and I ask the public to call upon me before purchasing elsewhere. Mrs. E. W. Jones.

—A country editor offers "a year's subscription to the farmer who will lay the largest hen's egg on the editorial table before the 1st of May." He will soon discover that the farmer is another kind of a rooster—that he is not "on that lay."

WALL PAPER,

WALL PAPER,

WALL PAPER,

--AT--

M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S

T. R. WALTON,

GROCER,

MAIN AND SOMERSET STS.

N. Y. SEED POTATOES,

ONION SETS,

GARDEN SEEDS!

My Potatoes are all New York stock and consist of Early Rose, Peerless, Burbank and Beauty of Hebron.

I have a splendid selection of Garden Seed, both in bulk and in papers, embracing all the best varieties.

All goods sold at reasonable prices.

Mark Hardin, late of Monticello, Clerk.

JOE F. WATERS.

JOHN P. DAVIS.

WATERS & DAVIS,

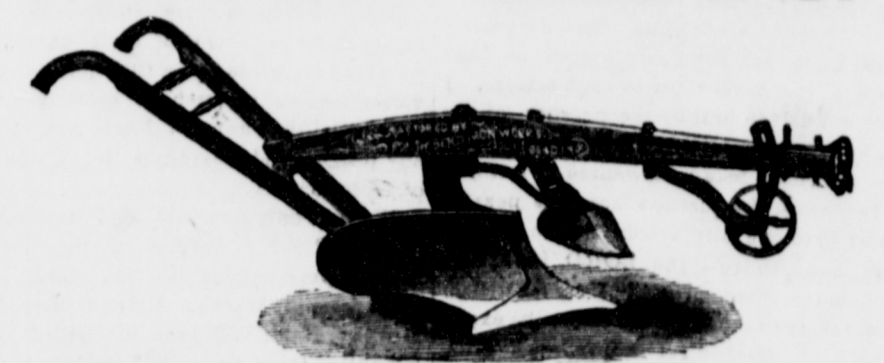
Dealers In—

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MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.

A Big Stock of Brand New Goods and "quick sales and small profits" is our motto. The patronage of prompt paying customers, only, is very respectfully solicited. The attention of the ladies especially is called to our large line of beautiful Glassware.

OLIVER PLOWS!



W. H. HIGGINS

Is still selling the old reliable OLIVER, and also has an improvement, that is destined to make it much more popular than it has ever been.

Don't buy a pump until you see the BUCKET ELEVATOR, and for Renting boxes buy the SECTION CUTTER. JEWEL and ECONOMIST RANGES, NEW ARIZONA COOK STOVES, &c.

Also a general line of Hardware, Groceries, Salt, Lime, Cement Flue, tiling, &c.

W. B. MCKINNEY, AUGUST WEIDINGER, Salesmen.

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS.

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.



W. P. WALTON.

SIX PAGES.

The idiosyncrasies of members form a comical phase to club life. A prominent type is the constitutional "growler," and his opposite the easy going, good natured man who is delighted with everything. Generally growlers are the most numerous. They are never satisfied with anything, though while complaining they never suggest a remedy. The "growler" never makes any allowance for mistakes or accidents. His chief grievance concerns the waiters, who are slow, careless, stupid. His orders are always filled contrary to his directions, yet investigation reveals that if there was any carelessness it was his own in not giving explicit instructions. He can always get everything he wants much better and cheaper outside of the club. He continually threatens to resign, but never does. He regularly predicts the decline and dissolution of the club. He soon alienates the fraternal esteem of the better class of members, and the others quietly make a butt of him, and he takes their good humored derision to his sadly ventilated ideas as an evidence of his popularity and importance. Of course they are only "guying" him, as Adams would say.

The good natured apologist is an offset to the growler, and at the same time as much of a common nuisance, as he always sounds the same indiscriminate praises, and only needs an audience to deliver a little sermon on this or that subject that happens to be under discussion. In his opinion the club is the best and pleasantest in the world. The gossip or chatterbox is, of course, found in the club, but he is more speedily extinguished in the little community than in the village by a general censure. As long as he confines himself to detailing the scandals in other clubs or of society he generally has a following whom he amuses and interests by his recitals, which are invariably inaccurate. His tendency, however, leads him to recur to jocular scenes in the club which by tacit consent all the participants seek to keep private, and so he involves himself in explanations which generally result in his reform from prudential motives or his resignation because he has more enemies than friends in the club. When he contracts the ungovernably and knavish habit of overhearing conversations and afterward alluding to the subject he wears a rope which soon figuratively hangs him.

"THE NEWSPAPER FIEND."

There is also the "newspaper fiend," who selfishly gathers all the papers or latest magazines about him. The disputatious member, who always disagrees, is soon so emphatically "set down upon" that he subsides. The man who seeks to back all of his assertions or to settle all questions by bets is generally entrapped by the sportive, jocular element, so that he soon learns wisdom and prudence.

The membership may be divided into three classes, the sedate, the conventional, and into two in the more orthodox clubs, the conservative and the progressive. As a rule members frequent their clubs for social recreation, to converse with their friends therein, to read the papers or magazines, to while away the time in the billiard or card room, and each develop an individuality that is soon recognized, so that it is safe to predict just what chair he will occupy, what course he will take on coming in, whether he will seek the seclusion of the library or the "life" of the billiard room, which is generally the liveliest place in the club. The various coteries of the little community always offer association. These coteries are dull or vivacious according to their personality. There is always a circle about the raconteur. In the clubs where there are pianos there is generally singing and playing in the evening. The piano is not permitted in the orthodox clubs. It savors of the concert hall. There is often some very good playing and singing at these impromptu musicales. The choruses are especially stirring. For the time the musical coteries, which they seldom become objectionable, unless to the chronic growler. The accommodations enable each coterie to keep to themselves if so disposed; that is, those who wish quiet can secure it in the library or parlors. There is generally a common resort, and there the piano is generally situated, and liquid refreshments are served. General goodfellowship prevails here. The stories are told for the edification of all. The conventional undertone of general conversation is not observed. Every one talks pro bono publico, or at all events thinks he does. If there is any musical talent it is developed. Everybody is pleased at the informal gathering except the growler. He is unceremoniously made the butt of the crowd.

"THE MAN OF MUCH MAIL."

There is one other member who always receives a good natured shot from all whom he offends. He is the one who has so large a mail that the box bearing his initials is always crowded with his letters. As a rule, the mail in a club is comparatively light considering the membership, as only the limited number of frequenting members have their letters addressed there. The letter fiend is the companion of the newspaper fiend. He is generally a retired business man, and not a literary member, as might be supposed. Notwithstanding the check system there is always some good natured dispute about exchanged hats and umbrellas, and once in a while the overcoat gets mixed—generally after delivery—and strange documents are found in the pockets the next morning. The near sighted men do not make the absurd mistakes that are generally attributed to them, but they contribute their quota to the general amusement by their unconscious blundering. The men with bad memories for names and faces create more trouble. They always get everything wrong. They often cause much confusion by their mistakes. The married men are the steadiest attendants outside of the habitués. It is calculated that during the first year of married bliss nothing will be seen of the member, but after that he comes around again, and is once more one of the boys. This, however, is a legend. The practical joker does not flourish in the club as in the community at large because his range is comparatively limited. He is soon found out and avoided.

Another amusing phase of club life is the comical tendencies of some in chipping together and ordering meals. The figuring of these to reduce their expenses border on the absurd. The miser is, of course, not found in the club. The spendthrift generally runs his limit and gets posted. The lesson does him good. If he is incorrigible he is soon dropped for non-payment. The uninitiated either believe the club to be a resort of riotous living or a slow and dull resort, attractive only because it is exclusive; but it is neither—a little community with a common cause, with the usual types of character, excepting the depressed.—New York Times.

Bartholdi has written a letter to Senator Kears in which he says that the Statue of Liberty will last as long as any Egyptian monument.

IN MINOR KEY.

Now that the winds are wild and bank the snow
Across the paths my feet were wont to know
In summer time,
I sit beside the fire and turn a rhyme
Of long ago.

Alas, the music takes a minor key,
It hears the wind's deep rolling melody,
And murmurs too:
Dear heart, 'twas never thus as long as you
Were here with me.

For then, together, I could always bring
From winter's desolation gladness spring;
You sang your favorite
Was like a garden in which happy place
A bird must sing!

—Frank D. Sherman in Times Democrat.

DANGERS OF HYPNOTIZATION.

Uses of Hypnotism in the Treatment of Imbecile or Refractory Children.

At a late meeting of the association of scientists at the congress of Nancy, France, nine papers were read by members, illustrating in the most vivid terms various phases of this subject. It had been found effective in the cure of lunacy, and in controlling the natural habit of mind and strength of will exhibited in a normal state. M. Liegeois, professor of law, in a summary of suggestions, pointed to the danger to humanity from the exercise of the hypnotic power. The subject may be made the victim of all manner of hallucination, and be reduced to a condition in which he is incapable of defense against criminal violence, and in which the most serious acts committed against him, leave no impression upon his memory after he is recalled to the normal state. He may receive suggestions tending to the commission of any given crime or misdemeanor after the lapse of several hours or days, and he will commit the act at the appointed time with a fatal certainty. The conclusions were that the persons suggesting a crime to a hypnotized subject should be held responsible for it to the law, and that hypnotization should not be permitted, save in the presence of a witness, in whom entire confidence is placed.

Dr. Lilecault, from experiments in seven cases, was enabled to say that hypnotic treatment had been successful in curing children, adults and aged persons of weakness in connection with the natural functions of the body. By means of suggestion during induced sleep he was enabled to re-establish the disturbed harmony in every instance.

Dr. Berillon formulated the following conclusions in regard to the use of hypnotism as an educating influence: That in the treatment of children who are merely indolent, indolent or mediocre the power should be limited to verbal suggestion in the wakeful state the children being inspired with the most perfect confidence. Each child should be isolated, and, with a hand placed upon its forehead, should be addressed in language indicating gentleness, precision and patience. The hypnotic state might be induced in the treatment of children who are impulsive, refractory, incapable of the least attention or application and manifesting an irresistible tendency toward evil. During the hypnotic sleep the suggestions have more power. They make a profound and desirable impression. It is possible in many cases, by frequently repeating them, to develop the faculty of attention in subjects hitherto intractable, to correct bad tendencies and to recall to virtue spirits which otherwise would be hopelessly lost.—M. L. Holbrook in Herald of Health.

Rather Too Much Reality.

Of the 200,000 people who admired the magnificent chariot in which the fire king rode at the storming of the ice castle, only a few knew of the semi-comical adventure some of the carnival directors had with the vehicle just before the carnival opened. On the Saturday before the opening of the carnival it occurred to Manager Van Slyke that he had better make a trial of the chariot to see that it was in good running order. It was brought and a team of horses hitched to it. Daniel Moon was prevailed on to impersonate the fire king.

Mounted on his throne, the amateur fiery monarch was being driven in royal state toward the palace grounds, when the fore runners of the vehicle suddenly dropped into a rut and pitched the gasoline tank forward, which had been negligently left uncovered. Mr. Moon was suddenly impressed with the belief that there had been a volcanic eruption in that neighborhood and that he was the Vesuvius down whose sides the fiery lava was pouring. It was a close call for both himself and the driver. By dint of exertion on the part of Mr. Van Slyke and the other gentlemen who composed the fire king's extemporized body guard, and by a good deal of rolling in the snow and wrapping in blankets, the amateur fire king and his charioteers were rescued. But there was some scorched hair and eyebrows and seven pairs of spang new blankets turned in a few moments.—St. Paul Globe.

The Caves and Cave Dwellers.

One of the curiosities of Vicksburg during the siege was the caves and the cave dwellers. There was no lack of hills in the city, and into these the people—non-combatants especially—burrowed like rats. And here they ate, drank and slept and—sometimes died. Of course these places were of all sizes, big and little, some mere holes and others very commodious habitations containing a number of rooms. The size or style of the house depended entirely upon the whim or wants of the builder. The best were dug on the steep, straight sides of the highest hills, through which they sometimes extended, with several entries and exits by which one might have some chance of escape in case of danger. The most of them, however, were the veriest death traps. A cave in was a matter of frequent occurrence, as the fall of a shell on the top of one of these hills was almost sure to bring down the upper part of the cave. One night during a heavy bombardment, the Rev. Mr. Lord came to Mrs. Eggleston's and asked permission to stay there all night. His cave had fallen in and one of his children had been buried in it. The child was rescued alive after considerable difficulty.—W. C. Wilde in Philadelphia Times.

Every Danger Removed.

A good story is told of a French advocate who had made it a rule never to take up a case in which he did not thoroughly believe. One day he chanced to be entertaining a distinguished company at dinner when he was informed that a client urgently requested a few minutes' interview. It turned out to be a man whose acquittal on the charge of stealing a watch he had that morning procured. Appearances had been strongly against the prisoner, who, it was thought, had been not a little assisted by the character of his counsel. Doubtless the poor fellow was impatient to express his gratitude, and an audience was not unwillingly accorded. He looked somewhat abashed at the presence of the guests; but, reassured by the kindly tone of the host, began:

"Monsieur, it is about that watch!"
"Yes, my friend, I congratulate you on the triumphant vindication of your innocence."
"Then the trial is quite over?"
"Why, of course!"
"And I can't be tried again?"
"Certainly not!"
"They can do nothing more to me?"
"How could they?"
"Then I may wear the watch?"—Boston Beacon.

GREELEY'S ODDITIES.

BY NO MEANS AS ECCENTRIC AS HE SEEMED TO BE.

So Says the Veteran Journalist, Joe Howard, Jr.—Four Instances From Which the Reader Can Draw What-ever Inferences He Chooses.

Who can forget Horace Greeley's affectations of eccentricity? He was by no manner of means the fool he assumed to be. That he was ambitious, anxious for public favor and fond of money, open to adulation and flattery, who that knew his life would presume to deny? How then can his affectations of dress, for they were affectations, be accounted for, save on the theory of an unbalanced mind? Did it seem reasonable that a man after years of metropolitan life, at the head of a great, and at the time, the greatest journal in America, associating with the first men of his time, identified with all broad movements in the interest of his fellowmen could, unless by accident, make a guy of himself, morning, noon and night, unless he did it with intent?

I recall four illustrations of intentional affectation on the part of Horace Greeley. The first was in Sacramento, Cal. A large audience had assembled to hear him speak, and he was detained on the road. On arrival he was driven to the St. George hotel, and hurried to a room that he might partake of some refreshment and dress before his lecture. The impatience of the audience was assuaged by the announcement that Mr. Greeley was adjusting his toilet, and making himself comfortable after a long and tedious stage ride. He reached the hall at 9 o'clock.

Was he dressed? How precisely as when he left the stage coach. He had not washed his face nor his hands. He had not changed a single article of his attire, from coat to shirt, from collar to boots. Absolutely covered with dust, with cravat awry, with collar dirty and rumpled, with shirt front disarranged, with unpolished boots, he shuffled into the hall, and up the long aisle, until, standing on the platform, dirty, ill-kempt, unattractive, he faced an audience mainly of New England men and women, each arrayed in accordance with decorum.

What was that? Eccentricity, oddness, not only, but an affectation of the extremity of each. On another occasion, in Paris, he, as a delegate from the United States to the great exposition, was notified to meet his fellow delegates in a specified salon. Mr. Greeley and Erasmus Brooks, another delegate, arrived in advance of the others. Mr. Brooks, who with the very personification of neatness and trimness, noticed that Mr. Greeley's trousers were hitched up over the leg of his boot, and at some personal inconvenience having called his attention to it, knelt and adjusted the garment. Later on in the reception room, where the delegates from all countries had met for a formal presentation, imagine the disgust and annoyance of Mr. Brooks when he saw that Mr. Greeley had readjusted his trousers, so that the bottoms of them still rested upon the legs of his boots.

What was that? Years after that I had occasion to call on Mr. Greeley in his home, relative to matters in Washington. He was ill and in bed. Bedstead was placed across the corner of the room. In the center was a revolving bookcase, against which rested a long mirror. Articles of clothing were strewn about the floor and intensest confusion dominated the place. Mr. Greeley was not seriously ill, but by the advice of his physician kept his bed several days. So far as confusion, mal-arrangement and upsidownness were concerned, that bedroom capped the climax. Was that intentional?

HIS NECKTIE AWRY.

The statue of Benjamin Franklin was set up some time after then in Printing House square, immediately in front of The Tribune building. A committee on arrangements provided places on the programme for Professor Morse, Mr. Greeley and others. We were all to meet in The Tribune editorial rooms and go in procession to the statue. It was a memorable occasion, and every man paid respect to the proprieties as could be indicated by demeanor and costume. Mr. Greeley walked down the stairs arm in arm with Professor Morse, with the collar of his overcoat turned inward, his necktie awry and one leg of his trousers hitched up on top of his boot.

Was that intentional or accidental? Horace Greeley was a man packed with affectations. I always believed his eccentricities to be assumed because they were such palpable contradictions of all that he saw about him, of all he learned of his unusual position with men of the world. He was proud of the quality he presented. It gratified him to be pointed out as peculiar, as distinct in his personality from his fellows. An evidence of weakness you think? Why certainly an evidence of weakness in one of the greatest, one of the grandest men known to American history. He would have been a brave man who dared pronounce Horace Greeley insane by reason of these peculiar developments, and yet it is difficult to reconcile his unquestioned ability, his world wide experience, his rare power of thought, his competency and argument, with these petty developments of vanity and self satisfaction. When you come to think of it you will find evidence of eccentricity in nearly all the men and women of prominence you ever heard of.—Joe Howard in Kansas City Journal.

Stanford and Stockbridge.

Senator Stanford is looking forward with great pleasure to meeting Senator-elect Stockbridge, of Michigan. He learned yesterday that Stockbridge was an admirer of his famous horse Electioneer. The way he learned it was a little peculiar. Some time ago Martin, Senator Stanford's manager at the famous Palo Alto farm in California, where, besides Electioneer, there are thirty other magnificent stallions, advised the senator that he had sold two fine 3-year-old stallions for \$5,000 apiece. This was a good price, but the senator did not think it was enough, and telegraphed asking if the sale was absolute. Martin answered that it was, and, furthermore, that on his asking the purchaser if he insisted on taking the horses, his only answer was a draft by wire for \$1,000 to bind the bargain. "The buyer knows horses," added Martin. "He's that new senator from Michigan."

Senator Stanford has a colt born to him every day in the year on the Palo Alto farm, and he never sells an animal for less than \$1,000. When he sells he gives a printed guarantee as to pedigree and health, but never as to speed. He guarantees a good walking gait, but says nothing about trotting traits. None of his stock is ever speeded for over a quarter of a mile at a time. He keeps five horses in Washington, and rides back a pair of big blacks that he bought in New York simply for their style. His trotting team, a pair of fine bays, can go in 2:14. The Palo Alto farm employs 340 men, population enough for a neat little village, with school and church of its own. It is the only town in the world that was built by a horse, and Electioneer built it.—Washington Cor. New York Sun.

THE MOONSHINERS' ANCESTORS.

A Speculation Upon the Origin of the Rude Mountaineers.

The origin of the mountaineers that inhabit the ranges from Virginia to Arkansas is a subject that might tempt the curiosity of a serious historian. The vestiges of the early population, and of some of the singular episode intrudes that accompanied the steady flow of English colonization, are still plainly perceptible. From the semi-dual plantations of the king's favorites in Virginia and the Carolinas many of those unfortunate or criminal wretches who were transported from the mother country to be penal slaves in the fields of heartless, and mostly absentee, masters, escaped into the refuge of the mountains, and, animated by a despairing hope of freedom, sought the most inaccessible hiding places.

To the escaped convict, trembling under the remembrance of a master's lash and willing to dare any native danger to escape the slavery he had fled, the approach of another refugee was as full of terror as of comfort. The runaway felon could trust nobody; or perhaps, he had a brand upon his forehead to hide from curious eyes, and wherever he made his home it was kept remote from neighborhood, and made as uninviting as possible to adventurous or suspicious eyes. There is little doubt that among the first settlers of the mountains were these British convicts sold into slavery to the American plantations, and condemned to a life of laborious servitude, which they only escaped by such hardships as could tempt no free man. The first pioneer and the woodsman pushed on across the mountains or through the passes and cleared for himself an empire and garden in fertile Kentucky and middle Tennessee, or sought the softer air and cotton lands of the Southern states. The escaped convict was afraid to venture in either direction, lest he should rush into the hands of a former master or overseer, who would identify and re-enslave him.

So, with that last instinct for personal freedom that has always possessed the Caucasian race in every land, he clung to the mountains of his refuge, secure in his solitude and getting his peace in the impenetrability of his retreat. It was, perhaps, an inherited instinct, therefore, that made the mountaineers hate negro slavery as bitter as the most determined abolitionists of the north, and which led them by force of fate to join the Union armies when the civil war came on. The mountain regions not only furnished the northern armies thousands of soldiers but also maintained warm sympathy for the cause in the rear and front of the Union lines, and it is not singular, perhaps, that they have continued in sympathy with the Republican party as instinctively as has the emancipated negro.—Y. E. Allison in Southern Bivouac.

Consumption Cured by a Car Platform.

"You see this car platform?" inquired one passenger of another on an Illinois Central suburban train. "Well, that platform cured me of consumption and saved my life. You think that's strange, don't you? Well, it is a little strange, but it's a fact. You see, I come of a consumptive family. My mother died of consumption, a sister and two brothers, and a year ago I expected to go in the same way. Don't look like it now, do I? Well, all thanks are due to this platform. It was in this way: As soon as I saw that I was going down I made up my mind to take some desperate means of salvation. I wasn't financially able to go to California, or to travel anywhere except to and from my work. So I did the next best thing. Every morning in riding into town I stood out on the platform, and, drawing long breaths, fill my lungs full of the fresh air from the lake.

"At first I couldn't inhale much, but by and by my lungs gathered strength, respiratory cells that had long been unused began to open and admit nature's life giving oxygen, and in a few months I was equal to my own strength and good health, as were my friends. Four times a day—for I rode home to dinner and back again—I stood on the platform and inhaled as much of the air as possible. The weather made no difference to me—rain, cold, snow, blizzards—for more than a year I haven't stepped down in a railway coach. Now I can draw a longer inhalation than any man I know, and a long inhalation simply means filling with air all of the cells of the lungs, bringing the whole system into service, as it were—and I have no more fear of consumption. People who work indoors, and who never, under ordinary circumstances, get their lungs more than half filled with air, had better try my prescription. It is a wonder."—Chicago Herald.

Fashion in Gravestones.

"I suppose there are fashions in gravestones as well as in anything else."

"Certainly there are. The heavy style, such as one used to see universally in burying grounds up to twenty years ago, is becoming antiquated and going out of fashion. What takes now is the light, airy kind of material, with graceful outlines, and of fine work. Angels, small statues after the Greek, doves and fancy figures are now most in vogue. Next to them there is the rough style—just the hewn rock, showing the unpolished surface. That seems to be the best liked by mourners of a serious, contemplative turn of mind, while sentimental people prefer the other style."

"As to the degrees of grief now," it was asked, "did your experience teach you that young people sorrow more visibly and expensively over their dead than do mourners of mature age?"

"From my own experience I should judge that aged people are more apt to spend their money freely in fine tombstones than younger persons. It may be that young folks feel as much as older ones, but they haven't got the money to spend, you see, as a rule. I know I often have trouble enough collecting my bills from such people, even if it's for nothing heavier than a little baby angel. Widows, I must say, as a rule are good customers; widowers, not nearly so much. And that's as true of the young as of the old, perhaps even truer of the young ones."

"Do widows who have buried successive husbands show such poignant grief—as expressed on tombstones—on the demise of their second or third husband as on that of the first?"

"Well, now, that's a ticklish question to ask," replied the artist. "I couldn't be sure of it; still, if I can judge from what I've seen, I should say that the widow's grief becomes all the stronger on putting her second or third one under the sod."—New York Mail and Express.

An Optimistic View.

Cardinal Gibbons stands with Gladstone rather than with Tennyson sixty years after. In his sermon in this city yesterday he illustrated and emphasized his belief that the world is becoming better rather than worse, and that, on the whole, righteousness and moral growth accompany enlightenment.

Two centuries ago there was hardly such a thing as law known in the world. There was little established order. Stages rolled through London with armed men on their roofs. There were an ignorance and immorality among the clergy quite inconceivable at the present day. Almost all "gentlemen" got drunk. Official corruption sapped the treasury of every land. Books were read by ladies and gentlemen in the drawing rooms of England that cannot now be read in any mixed company.—Washington Post.



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MEXICAN MANNERS.

CHARACTERISTIC GESTURES AND GALLANTRIES OF THE PEOPLE.

Peculiar Method of Shrugging the Shoulders—How Wealth is Indicated—A Sign of Greeting—Hand Shaking—A Farewell—Clapping the Hands.

The Mexicans are adepts at expressing themselves by means of signs and gestures, and many of them exhibit a courtly grace and profound gallantry which, if amusing to a foreigner, is also worthy of admiration. A lady who has traveled in all parts of the republic and made a study of these national peculiarities recently described them to your correspondent, and many of her observations were very interesting. She said:

"When any one falls down it is customary to call out: 'Come here and I'll pick you up,' or to express the same sentiment by a gesture. The hand is held up vertically, palm outward, about level with the face. The fingers are then bent down rapidly and in the direction of the person addressed, the motion being directly the reverse of beckoning. Tossing the chin upward does not imply annoyance, as in most countries, or simply no, as in many European countries. It is simply an equivalent in Mexico for 'What do you want?' or 'I don't understand.' Foreigners who try to rise themselves at the importunities of beggars by this signal, naturally increase their trials rather than bring them to a speedy termination.

The Mexican of refinement has a very peculiar method of shrugging his shoulders. He raises his shoulders slightly, stretches his arms down at his sides, hands open and palms out, places his head a trifle on one side, uplifts his eyebrows and pulls his mouth down at the corners. These elaborate motions signify doubt, uncertainty, a difference of opinion or 'I told you so.' This is the fashionable manner of expressing triumph on being proved correct in regard to a prophecy or an argument.

INDICATIONS OF WEALTH.

"Instead of tapping the pocket to indicate money or its influence, the Mexican holds up his thumb and forefinger, curved as if encircling a coin. The token or threat of corporal punishment is a slight, lateral, horizontal movement of the hand, similar to the turn it takes in the act of beating eggs with a fork. The phrase 'a screw loose' is illustrated by a boring motion of the index finger against the temple, but indicating not an aberration of the mind, as with Americans, but of the temper. When a Mexican wishes to denote a lot of people he brings together the tips of all the fingers of one hand, to represent crowding. The first time I ever saw this gesture—the holding up of the hand vertically, and thrusting it forward two or three times with a repellent or protesting motion—was at a party, where a lady who had held another's fan during a dance offered to return it, when the owner, seeing that her friend was using the little implement of challenge, insisted that she retain it. Not a word was spoken—the hand said it all. The same gesture is used to imply: 'Keep your seat,' 'Do not disturb yourself,' and the like.

"There is a sign of greeting used in the City of Mexico and the southern part of the republic that I have never seen in the north nor on the western slope, where the bow still rules. At the capital an acquaintance, whether gentleman or lady, in saluting one of either sex, lifts the open hand, palm toward one's self, and waves the fingers, or starts only the two middle ones. It rather signifies a foreigner at first, but it is really a very pretty and graceful mode of greeting. I have observed that it is most used when saluting from a little distance, as across the street, and it no doubt came into use because of the density of traffic, in which the bow might pass unperceived.

"The Mexicans are very much given to hand shaking, and they are eminently a friendly and cordial race. It is the fashion among Americans to call their politeness superficial and insincere. I have not found it so, but I do admit that its formality is at times a little inconvenient. For instance, when one is in haste to catch a train or meet an appointment, one cannot rush away with a hasty 'So long.' It would violate the conventionalities to depart without exchanging the customary elaborate farewells with each individual member of the circle. Then, in passing through a door, there is almost invariably a contest of courtesy as to who shall go first.

FAREWELL DEMONSTRATION.

"The proper demonstration of farewell between Mexican women is the light embrace, emphasized in the north by each patting with her right hand the other's shoulder; in the City of Mexico and thereabouts by a kiss on either cheek. Between women and men, a bow and a handshake, or the bow alone, is the correct thing, although in the interior the provincials employ at meeting and parting a modified form of the embrace, between persons of the opposite sex as well as of the same sex. More than once my breath has been taken away by a handsome young hacendado meeting me literally with open arms. To my mind there is nothing prettier than this embrace, and the warm heard paladin, or pat on the back, between two men who are friends, particularly between an old man and a young man.

"Handclapping is very common in Mexico, and in its oriental sense of summoning. It is difficult to account for all the peculiarities of Mexicans in the matter of gestures and manners. Some of their excessive gallantry is evidently a copy from, and improvement on, the French, and this handclapping is clearly derived from the Moors through the Spaniards. It is recognized as a call all over the republic, although about the national capital it has been pretty well supplanted by a peculiar, disagreeable sound—'tut-tut,' which always sets my teeth on edge. I believe this about exhausts the gestures of general usage; of course there are infinitely numerous signs of special and arbitrary significance. The Mexicans, as a rule, are adepts at expression by this means.

"As I have already touched on motions and manifestations not strictly to be classed as gestures, I might strain a point and put in the general list the performance which, from its undue regularity and monotony, is known as *haciendo el oso*, or 'playing the bear,' and which means the fixed promenade of an enamored youth over a short beat, before or beneath the window of the adored object, in which he spends as many hours a day as his leisure will permit."—Cor. Globe Democrat.

One Discovered by Electricity.

Leadville is excited over a new electric indicator that is used to determine the location, from surface observations, of underground mineral bodies. It is the invention of a prominent electrician of Boston, and is constructed upon the theory that the strong electric currents shown by large mineral bodies can be utilized to locate the latter. The machine is a simple affair, consisting of electrodes which connect with batteries in a box containing an electric needle. The influence of the electric subterranean currents upon the needle is supposed to indicate the presence of an ore body.—New York Sun.

Tobacco note paper and envelopes have appeared in the market to be mixed up with the

ALL CRIMSON AND GOLD.

Private Theatrical Boxes That Are Sumptuous in Their Appointments.

The person who sits in the auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera house and looks around him finds himself encircled by two tiers of private boxes. At least the private boxes are all that strike him of his environment. These boxes are like, as far as shape and furnishings are concerned. They are deep, broad and commodious enough. They were originally upholstered in yellow velvet, which gave the house when it was opened a most bizarre aspect. Now they are all crimson and gold, and the effect is rich and harmonious. Some are in choicer locations than others, but all are in the main mere private boxes, such as are familiar adjuncts of the proscenium of any theatre, only larger and more sumptuous in their appointments than most theatrical boxes.

But behind each of these boxes is a private room, the same size as the box itself. Originally these ante-rooms were fitted up in keeping with the open section to which they give access. But wealth demanded more than mere richness of taste. Taste and tastelessness have made great changes in the interests of display, and few, indeed, retain their original sumptuous simplicity. Some box holders have transformed them into little drawing rooms, opulent in furnishings and decorations, where pictures adorn the walls and costly bric-a-brac abound. Some have made little alterations in their snuggeries, but when they take a party to the opera have them profusely decorated with flowers. In one way or another these nooks reflect the tastes and the habits, the pretensions and extravagances of their owners, and are the scene of many pleasant and some decidedly piquant social episodes.

It has got to be the fashion for ladies to hold regular evening levees in their ante-rooms at the opera. They receive friends in them, and retire to them when the act happens to be a dull one. Business men even transact business in them. There is a good deal of loud talking and ill bred merriment in the boxes during the performances, but there would be much more if the ante-rooms were not so convenient. Like every other new toy it chances upon, society seems to get a great deal of fun out of them, and, considering the price it pays, one can scarcely grudge it whatever pleasure it may reap from its investment.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Adelaide Neilson's Childhood.

A lady prominent in the social life of this city has in her employ as parlor maid a woman from a little village in Yorkshire, England, where Adelaide Neilson was born. The woman says the actress had neither Spanish nor Gypsy blood in her veins, as she claimed, but was the child of a basket maker, a poor, drunken fellow, and a Yorkshire woman, a decent soul, but wretchedly poor. Lizzy Jones, as Miss Neilson was then known, was noted in the village for her beauty and her idleness. She spent all her time hanging about the shops and gathering all the news travelers and peddlers brought from the outside world. When she was 12 years old her uncle was going up to London, and Lizzy coaxed him to take her with him in his market wagon to see the great city. When they reached London bridge the girl dropped off the tail end of the cart and her family never heard of her again until they learned that the great Adelaide Neilson was their daughter. Lizzy, only five years had passed between the time that the barefooted country girl, who spoke with a strong Yorkshire accent, had dropped from the back of the cart and the time when she appeared as Juliet. In those five years she had attained the education and bearing of a gentleman and had mastered French and Italian and the still more difficult tongue of a Yorkshire peasant, pure English.—Philadelphia Press.

Looked Like the Jack of Spades.

Mrs. English, the mother of Lucille West, an actress of merit and beauty in her day, told an incident of her past theatrical career, in which a certain tragedian, of rather stout proportions, was the unfortunate hero. He was playing Macbeth to her Lady Macbeth. The child who played one of the apparitions which warn Macbeth of Macduff became very fretful before the curtain went up, and began to weep copiously. "Lucille," said Mrs. English, "brought the child a pack of old cards from the property room and endeavored to keep her interested in them until it was time for the infant to appear. 'This is the ace of spades, this is the king of hearts,' said Lucille, 'and this little fat fellow is the jack of spades.' When it was time for the apparition to appear the child had finished his crying spell. 'Macbeth, beware,' it recited, 'Macbeth, beware of—here she became confused and looked hopelessly back for assistance. The gentleman who was playing Macduff waved his hands to attract her attention and tried to give her the cue by pointing to himself. In his short kilt, plumed bonnet and general rotundity of figure he had a most unfortunate effect upon the infant. 'Oh, yes,' said she cheerfully, 'Macbeth, beware of the little man that looks like the jack of spades.'—Philadelphia Press.

Catching Runaway Boys.

I've captured so many runaway boys at the Union depot in the last few months that people have got to thinking it's my specialty, as if a policeman could have a specialty. But I have got my eyes trained pretty well by this time to look after runaway boys, and I flatter myself that I can tell one of the chaps as soon as I see him. You see, the runaway boy is never experienced, either in traveling or any of the ways of the world, and he betrays himself very quickly if he is given an opportunity. He generally appears at the depot in pairs, and if the two don't do something very singular in buying their tickets they are certain to trip in finding their way to the train and getting on board. Sometimes they are loaded down with flashy papers or books, and sometimes they are armed to the teeth with pistols, as often stolen as bought. Generally they have their pockets filled with money, stolen from some relative, and their destination is almost invariably some western city. When they find themselves arrested their courage disappears at once, and one or the other makes a clean breast of it.—Globe Democrat.

The Duke of Chinatown.

The cynosure of all eyes was Ah Spud, who has amassed a fortune as a potato peeler in one of our leading hotels, and who is the acknowledged duke of Chinatown. As Spud stood in the center of a group of Chinese duds, envious glances were cast at his costume. Under his silken blouse he wore a spotted shirt of the latest style affected by society young men, and this was the cause of the jealousy in his rivals. Ah Spud explained that there were but two shirts of the pattern worn by him in the state.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cases of Brain Surgery.

The fourth case of a successful removal of a tumor from the brain has been reported in England, the weight of the tumor being four and a half ounces. These cases of brain surgery, with the exact location from the symptoms of the spot affected, are feats of which science may well be proud.—Arkansas Traveler.

The average age of those who enter college in this country is 17. A century ago it was 14.

SUGAR FROM COAL TAR.

THE NEW PRODUCT THAT GREATLY INTERESTS THE TRADE.

Curious Story of the Discovery of "Saccharine"—A Sweet That Is Not Susceptible to Fermentation—The Factory in Germany.

One of the most eminent and respected of the younger chemists of Europe, Alfred Gordon Salomon, a pupil of Pasteur, and an authority in the councils of the English scientific societies, spoke to me on the subject the other day, and showed me a copy of The New York Journal of Commerce of Dec. 6, which contained a leading article decrying the new product. He assured me that he had not the remotest interest in the fortunes of "saccharine," but as a chemist he had had in mind lately the matter to go to the factory at Magdeburg, study the processes thoroughly, and secure samples of the article, both in its original state, and as applied to fruits, syrups, and in the making of sugar and candy. At his invitation I spent an hour at his laboratory in Fenchurch avenue, and I can only hope that my account of his conversation will be as intelligible to scientists, sugar men, and the public generally as the talk itself was interesting and instructive to me.

To begin, it is a mistake to call "saccharine," or, as it is scientifically known, benzoyl sulphonic imide, either an adulterant or an unworthy chemical trick. It is a great scientific development—an honest product, possessing marvelous properties. None of these is injurious; some, as will be shown later on, are in the highest degree valuable. It is an independent thing, to be judged on its own merits and no more to be condemned because of its commercial effect on the sugar industry than the electric light principle was to be set aside because it affected gas stocks.

A CURIOUS STORY.

The story of its discovery, like that of so many other new familiar secrets of science, is a curious one. A German chemist of distinction named Fahlberg went to America some ten years ago as an expert in a customs case, which at the time attracted much attention, and which he finally won for his client against the United States government. Fahlberg decided to remain in America, and went, I believe, to Johns Hopkins university, where he became connected with the laboratory. He devoted himself wholly to research among coal tar products, or at least made this a specialty. One evening, after long labor over a variety of these compounds, he went to tea neglecting, in his haste, to wash his hands. When he put his hand to his mouth with his bread he noticed a strange, pungent sweetness, which came from the laboratory, and thrusting a finger into each of the numerous vessels, at last found the one which had produced the taste. Thus "saccharine" was discovered. It took a long time and much hard study to learn the philosophy of this production; it has taken eight years to reduce the manufacture of it to a commercial basis.

It was formerly supposed that the physical quality of sweetness was typified by the carbohydrates—that is, the sugars and alcohols, and that the chemical treatment brought into the group. But Fahlberg's discovery does away with this old standard, practically and scientifically. It is 300 times sweeter than the best cane sugar, equal to unity. What is more extraordinary, it differs wholly in principle from all the carbohydrate group, that is, from all other known sugars—in not being susceptible to fermentation. Every housewife knows how preserved fruit merrily and how jam merrily and how yeast ferments and spoils. All these operations are the result of the action of organisms feeding on the sugar, heretofore an inseparable feature of all the sweetening processes. But you cannot produce fermentation in "saccharine." To the contrary, it is powerfully preservative—a quality it possesses in common with all the coal tar products. Of this I had some curious illustrations from the samples Mr. Salomon had brought with him from Magdeburg. There were strawberries, for instance, put up over a year ago, which had never been cooked, and which preserved absolutely their flavor and the garden. The jam had been bottled, but with the non-fermenting "saccharine" there was no boiling away, no need of skimming, which with ordinary sugar involves a loss of 10 per cent. It is not necessary to speak of other samples. Every one can see what the effect must be, in all these lines of production, of substituting for ordinary sugars a sweetening power which cannot ferment and which is strongly preservative.

ANOTHER INTERESTING QUALITY.

Another novel and interesting quality of this new product is that it is strictly antidiabetic. It passes through the system absolutely untouched. German physicians are making much of this phase of the discovery, and there has already been established an independent factory for the manufacture of anti-diabetic biscuits for the use of the large class of patients to whom all sweetening has heretofore been forbidden. On this point there seems to be no possibility of doubt. I was shown copies of the declarations of Professors Leyden, of the Berlin university; Stutzer, of Bonn, and Mosso and Adiccio, of Turin, all made upon personal analyses, and all highly commending the discovery as a gain, not only to commerce but to medical science. Professor Sir Henry Roscoe, in a lecture before the Royal Institute here, has already described the new compound as "the most remarkable of the many remarkable products of coal tar." I use the word "compound" because "saccharine" is really a synthetic result, obtained by coalescing a number of substances upon the basis of a derivative from coal tar.

The factory at Magdeburg, over which Mr. Salomon went, is a mammoth establishment, embracing with its wharfage on the Elbe, nearly a half square mile of ground. The machinery set up is of the sort to delight a scientist's heart, and the inventions of England, the United States, Germany, France and Russia have all contributed to it. When the start is made in February—the first deliveries are made in March—between 400 and 500 workmen will be employed. Mr. Salomon does not credit the statement of The Journal of Commerce that there have been efforts "to beat up capital in London and Antwerp." There are only four, or, at the most, five partners in the firm of Fahlberg, List & Co., none of whom is an Englishman. There is one Antwerp man in the firm. They have put \$500,000 in the business, and this, so far from being a stock company adventure, represents the faith of a few partners who have put their all into the business.—New York Times.

A New Delicacy.

Duffy—Fer gracious sakes, Murphy, what's the matter with you? Tell the truth, Duffy, I don't think them banana skins I ate this morning, has agreed with me."—Texas Siftings.

When a man vhas at the bottom of a well it has very kind in somebody to advise him to look up.—Carl Dunder in Detroit Free Press.

FORGIVENESS.

Crush the rose, its odor rises,
Giving sweetness for the pain;
Grieve a woman, and she gives you
Sweet forgiveness, poured like rain.
—George Birdseye in Brooklyn Magazine.

EDITING WITH THE SCISSORS.

All Honor Should be Given to the "Scissors and Paste" Journalist.

The above remark is frequently made in connection with newspapers, and is too frequently meant as a slur. On the contrary, under proper circumstances, it should be regarded as a compliment of a high character. The same paper may be ably edited with the pen and miserably edited with the scissors. A mistaken idea prevails that the work of the latter is mere child's play, a sort of list or miss venture, requiring hardly any brains, and still less judgment; that the pious and voluminous clippings are sent in batches to the foreman, and with that the editor's duty ends and that of the foreman begins.

Instead of this, the work requires much care and attention, with a keen comprehension of the fact that each day's paper has its own needs. The exchange editor is a painstaking, conscientious, methodical man, always on the alert, quick in appreciation, retentive in memory, shrewd in discernment. He reads closely, cuts carefully, omits and amends, discards and digests, never ignoring the fact that variety is a great essential. There are sentences to recast, words to correct, redundancies to prune, errors to forest, headings to be made, credits to be given, seasons to be considered, affinities to be preserved, consistencies to be respected. He knows whether the matter is fresh or stale, whether it is appropriate, and whether he has used it before; he remembers that he is catering for many tastes, he makes mends in every direction; he lays the whole newspaper field under contribution; he persistently "boils down," which with him is not a process of rewriting, but a happy faculty of expunging without destroying sense or continuity.

His genius is exhibited in the department, the items of which are similar and cohesive, in the suggestive heads and sub-heads, in the sparkle that is visible, in the sense of gratification which the reader derives. No daily paper can be exclusively original; it would die of ponderosity. Life is too short, and hence an embargo must be laid upon the genius of its rivals. A bright clipped article is infinitely better than a stupid contributed article. The most successful paper is the paper that is intelligently and consistently edited in all its departments, whether by pen or scissors.—Philadelphia Call.

Where Napoleon's Son Died.

One of the most horrible sights I have seen was the field of the disaster of Isandlwana, in Zululand. It was four months after the disaster. The 1,000 dead bodies had been lying in the sun, and the hot sun had turned them into a mass of rotting flesh. The bodies had been withered away to skeletons encased in skins that had become like leather. One could trace how they had fallen, and occasionally rallied in groups to make a desperate stand against their enemies. The corn which had fallen out of the wagon had sprung up among the dead. I have seen battlefields after the fight strewn with dead and dying, heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, but that sight was nothing like the horrible field of Isandlwana. Later on I saw the dead body of the young prince imperial. He was a lad of great brightness, and on the voyage out he expressed anxiety about receiving a wound from an assegai. He lay on the field quite naked, covered with wounds. Round his neck was a thin gold chain and a locket, attached in which was a picture of his mother. We took this off and sent it to the empress and then carefully carried him from the field. It was curious, and cast a gloom over me, that I should see this young prince receive, as his father called it, his baptism of fire at Spichers, and then a few years later see him a corpse on a foreign field.—London Cor. New York Mail and Express.

Physician and Patient.

The question of how long treatment should be continued in a neuritic case when no evident benefit is produced has recently been raised in a Hamburg law court. A medical man, having as a patient a merchant suffering from "neuritis," treated him by galvanism. Altogether he galvanized him 443 times, but the nervousness did not disappear. Then came the matter of fees. The sum claimed was \$556. The merchant disputed this on the ground that the treatment ought not to have been continued so long, as it was not producing any benefit. The court referred the matter to the medical board, which gave as its opinion that the doctor ought to have asked the patient, after some fifty sittings, whether he would like to continue them, as it was doubtful whether the treatment was doing any good. The court, however, declined to accept this view, holding that it was for the patient to say when he had tried the treatment as long as he was disposed to pay for it, and so gave judgment for the full amount claimed. This judgment seems to accord with the principle that applies to newspaper subscriptions. A man must pay for his paper as long as he takes it from the postoffice.—London Lancet.

The Manicure Club.

Not a day passes that some new club is not started here. Many of these organizations live but a season and then go to pieces like a house of cards. Some one with a gift for figures might count up these clubs and arrange them in alphabetical order, for one of these times, in after ages, archaeologists may wish to know about them, and what do you suppose they will ever think of the "Manicure club," the very last to be born into the social circle, if nobody places it on record? This special club consists of ten members, devoted to the culture and improvement of finger nails, as its name implies. It meets once a week, and the prize condition of those 100 finger tips is something for the "professional" operator to dream about! After each fair member's nails have been duly examined and criticized by the "committee," a paper on the subject of hands, their care and culture, is read, and then the club adjourns to a luncheon that drives filbert nails and half moons into the background for the time being.—Boston Herald.

Institution of the G. A. R.

The fact that the Indiana G. A. R. announced its meeting this week as the eighth annual encampment, while the Illinois encampment was announced as the twenty-first, called out a statement from Maj. O. M. Wilson, in which he asserts that the G. A. R. was instituted and inaugurated in Indianapolis in August, 1865, by Gen. Robert S. Foster, when twelve members were initiated, among them J. H. Holliday, editor and proprietor of The Indianapolis News, and C. A. Zollinger, now pension agent for Indiana. Gen. Foster got the idea from an Illinois officer named Stephenson, who said he didn't have money enough to push it, and that Indiana soldiers would take hold of the matter better than those in Illinois. At the Pittsburgh convention of soldiers in September, 1865, Maj. Wilson, as Gen. Foster's adjutant general, organized the G. A. R. in eight states.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

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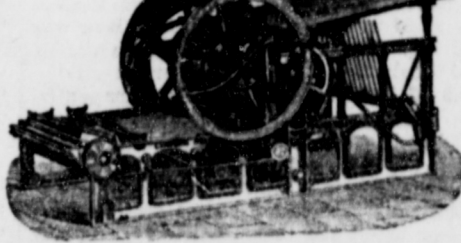
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